

The Sketch

No. 1132.—Vol. LXXXVIII.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1914.

SIXPENCE.



SUPPLICATED BY THE FRENCH : JOAN OF ARC.

Notre Dame, the most famous church in Paris, was the scene a few days ago of a remarkable pilgrimage of the faithful, inaugurated by the Patriotic League, to supplicate Joan of Arc to implore the intercession of the Virgin for victory. The occasion was

the feast of St. Michael and All Angels. At the sides of the High Altar were festoons of flags of France. Great Britain, Russia, Belgium, and Serbia ; and the white statue of the Maid of Orleans, sword in hand and standard uplifted, stood in the centre of the apse.

Photograph by Bassano.

MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND ·"



Authors and the War.

When the theatrical profession is in distress, everybody knows about it. When the literary profession is in distress, nobody seems to care a hoot. When the theatrical profession is in distress—being in touch with both professions, I can write quite impartially—the public is implored to patronise the theatres. When the literary profession is in distress, nobody dreams of imploring the public to buy books.

There is a very good reason for this difference. The theatrical profession lives in the limelight; the literary profession lives in the seclusion of the study. Authors are very bold in their studies, and very shy and retiring out of them. Actors are as bold off the stage as they are on it—indeed, they often act far better off it than on it. So that I think I may be allowed to say a word for the authors who are suffering from the natural effects of the war.

Novelists may be roughly divided into three classes—

- (1) The Realists, who write of life as it is.
- (2) The Sociologists, who write of life as they would like it to be.
- (3) The Romanticists, who write of life as it never was and never will be.

Of these three groups, the first is suffering because the public can get all the realism it wants from the daily Press (perhaps a little more than it wants). The second is suffering because the dreams of idealists are suitable for times of peace, but entirely out of place when a nation is battling for mere existence. The third group is the luckiest, because the Romanticists make huge pots of money in times of peace, and can turn their attention to the war and make more money out of that. I only wish, at this juncture, that I belonged to Class Three.

Another Fund!

I make no mention of the biographers, and the geographers, and the lexicographers. These worthy people are very often amateurs, who plunge into the field of letters with one particular book, and then scramble out again with a small or large bag of money, according to many circumstances. Besides, the biographers and the historians will be very busy after the war is over, while the unfortunate novelists will have to wait until the papers get dull again, and everybody has forgotten that the war of 1914-15 was ever waged.

I hate to suggest another fund, on the top of all the present funds, but it would be no more than fair if literary people in distress could have a money-bag of their own to dip into should the worst come to the worst. I commend the notion to those great and wealthy authors who issued a manifesto in which they bound themselves "to support the cause of the Allies with all their strength."

"With All Their Strength."

By the way, I have often wondered, since that impressive document was given to the world, what the signatories meant by supporting the cause of the Allies with all their strength. I fully expected to see them—the males, at any rate—falling in with the United Arts' Force at Earl's Court, but I was disappointed. Well-known actors I saw, well-known painters I saw, well-known composers I saw, but not one of the signatories who had pledged themselves to support the cause of the Allies with all their strength. Indeed, it seemed to be left to such a very insignificant author as myself to represent

the entire profession of letters. Where, I ask, are the noble signatories?

Two of them, I understand, have gone to America to tell the American people all they know about the Belgian atrocities. If they have inside information about the atrocities, and feel convinced of their call to America in this hour, well and good; if not, I should imagine that the representative Belgians who have journeyed across the Atlantic for the same purpose, and can tell of things they saw with their own eyes, would be sufficient for the work.

In any case, that accounts for two. For the rest, my mighty brothers of the pen, the actors and the painters and the composers keep asking me where and how you are supporting the cause of the Allies with all your strength. I see Mr. F. R. Benson, the famous actor-manager, on parade; but I do not see Mr. E. F. Benson, Mr. A. C. Benson, or the Rev. R. H. Benson, all of whom signed the famous manifesto. I see Mr. John Lavery, who admits in "Who's Who" to fifty-seven years of age; but I do not see Mr. William Archer, Mr. Hall Caine, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, Mr. Barry Pain, and Mr. Alfred Sutro, all of whom have pledged themselves to support the cause of the Allies with all their strength.

And as for such youngsters as Granville Barker, Arnold Bennett, G. K. Chesterton, Hubert Henry Davies, Robert Hichens, and John Masefield, all of whom signed the manifesto, why, they ought to be doubling round the band-stands, just as we all do, at every possible hour of the day.

To arms, gentlemen! Having answered the call of "Sign, please!" it is now time to answer the call of the bugle.

Why We Must All Drill.

I shall be told, of course, that it would be very unwise for the whole nation to take up arms, that it is contrary to the Geneva Convention, that a non-combatant should remain a non-combatant, and so forth.

To all of which I reply, as politely as possible, "Fudge!"

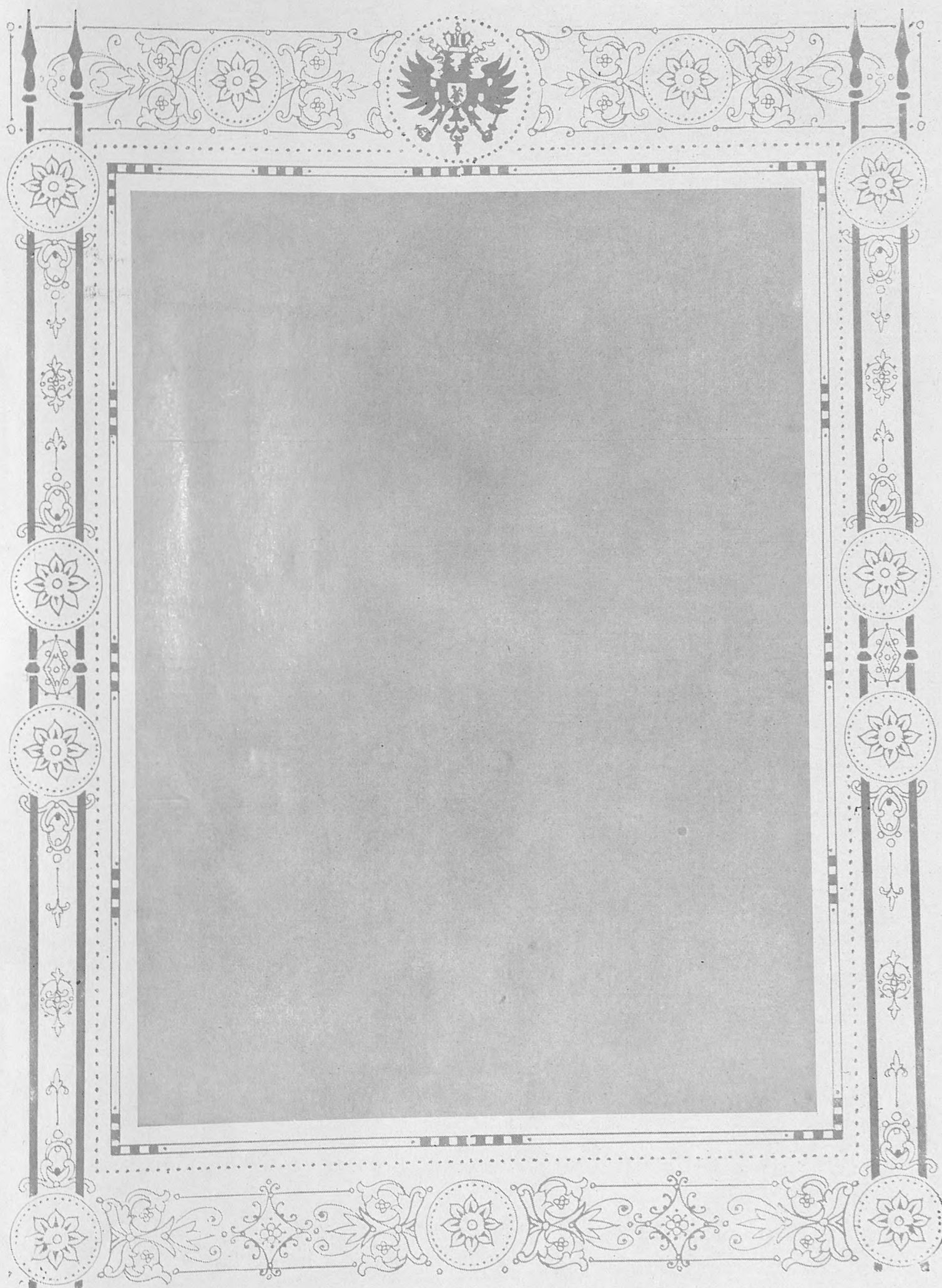
"If the Germans come," I shall be told, "non-combatants with arms will be treated as combatants, and must expect no mercy."

Very well, who does expect it? Who wants mercy from the Germans if they get into England? Who wants to save his skin in order that he may live out a few miserable years under German rule?

"Yes; but what about the women and children? Would you have them run the risk of being put to death?"

No, not at German hands; but I imagine that they would far rather put themselves to death than live on without their own men-folk and in a state of bondage. People who put questions of that sort simply do not realise the nature of this war. They say they do, and they wax very valiant on paper; but they do not, for all that, realise what we are in for. We are in for a fight to the death—literally. Every man, woman, and child in this country must be prepared to lick the Germans or die. It is no good thinking that the war is over, or that the Fleet will never be vanquished, and that we shall all be immensely prosperous when enough soldiers and sailors have died for us, poor chaps. The war is not over—not by a long way. The Fleet may be vanquished. The Germans may come to England. What is the good of your paper-valour then? If you can't fall in like a soldier and take a word of command, and shoot like a soldier, you will merely cumber the soil of England.

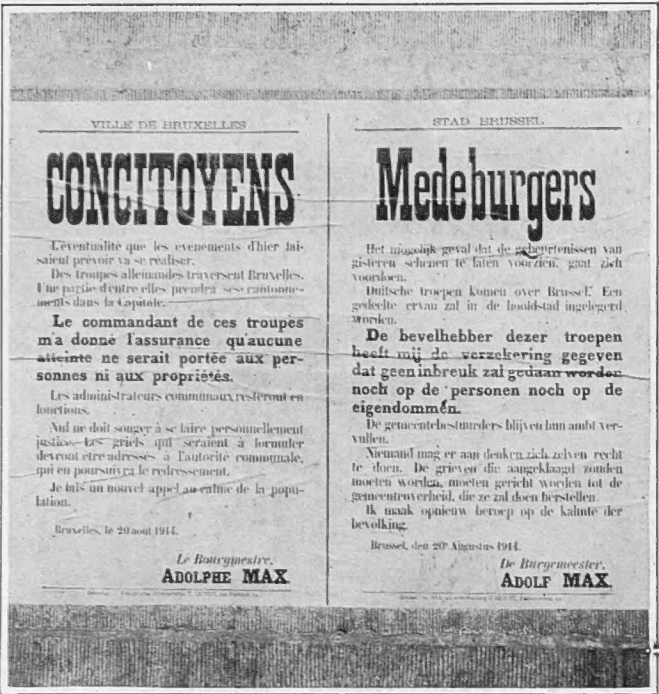
NOT SHOWN TO THE CENSOR!



THE FIRST AUTHENTIC PHOTOGRAPH OF THE RUSSIANS IN FRANCE.

Photograph by the Königliche und Kaiserliche Gottmithuns Photographische Gesellschaft.

MAX — IF THERE WERE NOT ANOTHER WE'D WRITE 1ST!



ONE OF INNUMERABLE POSTERS ISSUED BY THE IRREPRESSIBLE MAX : ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE TROOPS' PASSAGE THROUGH BRUSSELS. CONTRADICTING A GERMAN STATEMENT : A POSTER ISSUED BY M. ADOLPHE MAX, AND ONE BY THE GERMAN GOVERNOR FORBIDDING POSTERS.

M. ADOLPHE MAX, the plucky and irrepressible Burgomaster of Brussels, is one of the personalities of the war. His adventures have come about by his determination not to be under the German thumb more than is absolutely necessary, and there has been a fierce, yet humorous, poster-fight between the Brussels Burgomaster and the German authorities. M. Max, always ingenious, was more ingenious than ever the other day. He issued a poster, and the Germans promptly pasted white paper over this. The next morning it was discovered that the white paper had been oiled, with the result that the original poster could be read through! The notice in the first photograph reads, freely translated : " Fellow-citizens. The contingency which events of yesterday forecasted has been realised. German troops are passing through Brussels. A part of them will make their quarters in the capital. The Commandant of these troops has given me the assurance that no harm will be done to persons or property. The administrators will remain in office. No person must endeavour to execute justice personally. Any grievances which may be formulated must be sent to the town authorities, who will redress them. I make a fresh appeal to the public to keep calm. Brussels, Aug. 20, 1914. Adolphe Max, Burgomaster." In Photograph No. 2 the first placard, issued by M. Max, reads : " The German Governor of the town of Liège,

Lieut.-Gen. von Kolewe, yesterday had posted the following notice : " To the inhabitants of the town of Liège : The Burgomaster of Brussels has made it known to the German Commandant that the French Government has informed the Belgian Government that it will be impossible for them to assist the offensive in any way, as it is necessary for them to be on the defensive." I deny this in the most formal way." Next to this is the notice, in German and French : " Important Notice : It is strictly forbidden, to the Municipality of the town as well as to others, to publish notices without having received my special permission. Brussels, Aug. 31, 1914. The German Military Governor, Von Luettwitz, General (signed)." The top notice in No. 3 reads : " The city of Brussels is not a closed town. Everyone is free to go out of the town on foot, except in the direction of the German advanced posts ; that is to say, towards Antwerp and Ostend. Persons wishing to move outside Brussels by automobile, carriage, cart, or any other vehicle must furnish themselves with a pass issued by the city of Brussels and counter-signed by the German Military Commandant. This laissez-passer is issued at the Town Hall of Brussels. The Commandant of Brussels, Bayer, Major." The second notice deals with banking arrangements and the issue of special bank - notes, including notes of one and two francs. M. Max has been arrested by the Germans.



Photo, Sport and General.

ISSUED BY THE GERMANS AND BY M. MAX : A NOTICE THAT BRUSSELS IS NOT A CLOSED TOWN, AND A BELGIAN NOTICE AS TO BANK-NOTES. THE MAX OF THE MOMENT : M. ADOLPHE MAX, THE GALLANT AND IRREPRESSIBLE BURGOMASTER OF BRUSSELS.

KULTUR AND CULTURE.



PRACTISING, THAT, IN DUE TIME, THE DOVE OF PEACE MAY ANSWER HIS CALL? A GERMAN OFFICER FEEDING THE PIGEONS IN THE SQUARE IN FRONT OF THE PALAIS DE JUSTICE, LIÈGE, DURING THE OCCUPATION.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.



IN COSTUME NOT RECOMMENDED FOR OFFICE WEAR IN THIS COUNTRY: A GANG NATIVE (OF THE NILE VALLEY) AS TYPIST.

Here are a pair of very interesting photographs—of a German who is one of the force spreading “Kultur” in Belgium and France, and of a native of the Nile Valley who is interested in culture as represented by the type-writing machine. Of the officer, it can only be noted that he is evidently pleased to find relaxation in the midst of the horrors of war his Kaiser has brought into such dreadful prominence.

Evidently he is akin to that Prussian Lieutenant who, during the occupation of Liège, showed such interest in the dahlias of Dr. Hamelius, the Professor of English Literature who recently wrote a book giving his personal experiences during the bombardment of the gallant Belgian city which won for itself the Cross of a Knight of the Legion of Honour and the title of “the first rampart of France” in the Great War.

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

"**MAMEENA**," at the Globe, is quite noteworthy as a spectacular entertainment, but of small account as drama. The Zulus who talk—they talk ordinary journalese most of the time—are uninteresting stock figures which, except for a few turns of speech, might have come from old-time Redskin melodramas. Even Miss Lily Brayton as the South African Helen of Troy can make little of the central character; indeed, it was not worth while to disfigure her so sadly to play such a part as that of the woman with an unscrupulous lust for power, worthy of a Prussian. She acted very ably, of course. Mr. Oscar Asche was impressive in his representation of a dusky, much-undraped warrior, and brave help was given by Mr. Hubert Carter and Mr. Warlock. For success reliance must be placed on the vivid pictures of Zulu life, with real savages, and dances, and ceremonials, including a witch-finding trial, or, rather, two—one would have been quite enough. Indeed, this part of the affair is remarkably good, even if there be too much of it and some monotony. The mounting in certain respects is very clever, and there are scenic effects of real beauty. One can hardly congratulate Mr. Asche on his début as a dramatist; but why did he attempt the immensely difficult task of adapting a novel—Rider Haggard's "Child of the Storm"? And will he have the courage to cut furiously? Success demands it, and success should come if the entertainment is much shortened.

MARRIAGE.

BAKE.—FLINT.—On the 24th Sept., at St. Paul's, Sheerness, Lieut. Orrell Bake, R.N., to Dora, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Flint, of The Grange, Chigwell.

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

WEAKNESSES OF THE GERMAN ARMY: THE WAR-MACHINE EXAMINED.*

Why the German Army May Break Down.

The German Army is a wonderful machine. There is no doubt about that. But, like every other structure, it is only as strong as its weakest part. The chief flaw, we are told—and, having followed the Great War, can believe—is in the transport of food and ammunition from the base to the front. "If the German Army breaks down," hazards the British Officer who, serving in it, has seen it from within, "it will not be from defective fighting force, but from lack of supplies. The army has not, as a matter of fact, been organised for expeditions; the mass of detail regarding the amount of food and fodder which every petty little farmer and manufacturer all over the country may be called upon to provide; the lists of private owners of motor-cars; and the thousand-and-one intricate calculations are all based upon war on the frontiers. Should they pass beyond these frontiers, their plan has ever been to live on whichever enemy they are patronising with their attentions. This does not, of course, foresee reverses, and when they arrive. . . . In this matter they have shown an extraordinary lack of adaptability in the small expeditionary campaigns such as the Chinese Expedition and the campaign in South-West Africa. . . . the unexpected check of the progress of the troops at Liège threw everything in the transport column into disorder, and, though recovery was rapid, this confusion would, in the face of a considerable opposing force, have spelt immediate disaster. . . . There is but one battalion of military train to each Army Corps. . . . Also, the military train is an unpopular battalion among both soldiers and officers." To be in it is almost to be in Coventry! "On the other hand, in England the Army Service Corps man is highly trained and efficient, is equal to any emergency, and is thoroughly respected by everybody."

Other Flaws in the Machine.

Another grave defect is born of the fact that, "in regard to military matters, the German axiom seems to be that the greatness of an army lies with its directors. The British axiom is that the greatness of an army lies with its men. I speak with knowledge of both English and German soldiers—privates, non-coms., and officers of rank," continues the writer, "and I am firmly convinced that the British Tommy is the equal of three Germans of the same rank. Certain proof of this has already been shown by the lack of initiative on the part of the German rank and file, and the extraordinary absence of control on the part of the officers." Individualism is soon knocked out of the recruit. He is a cog, a very small cog, in a gigantic machine. As long as all is well with the whole, little can be said against this astonishing work of blood and iron. But if one thing goes wrong! Danger is evident, too, in the attitude of officers and men one to the other. "One of the most notable differences between the armies of Germany and Great Britain is the lack of good-fellowship between officers of high and low rank, and between non-coms. and men." This is brought about in part by the conditions of service. Thomas Atkins is a professional soldier; the German is a mere bird of passage, caught for a while, and ever eager to be free of uniforms.

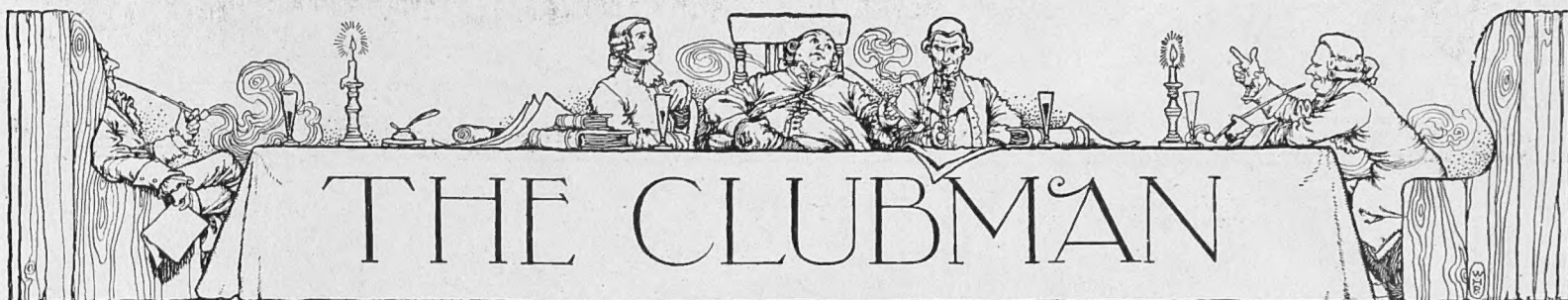
"Win!"—and the Goose-Step.

The German Army is a strange compound, indeed, of stern discipline, ubiquitous etiquette, thoroughness, organisation, lack of initiative, über-mensch and forcibly trained humble servant. In what other force can such strange contrasts be found? It was created for a single purpose—a world war. "When, during the Boxer Campaign in China, the Kaiser sent to his troops at the front the message which has lately put a girdle round the globe—'Make for yourselves reputations like the Huns of Attila!'—he was not merely sending them a watchword for that campaign: he was expressing the spirit that animates to-day the army of Germany. Put into other words, it is: 'Win! Honestly, if you can but . . . WIN!'" Efficiency is its aim—efficiency, efficiency, efficiency. Even the much-derided goose-step, the *Parademarsch*, is part of the system. "Behind this apparently futile performance there is a serious purpose, for half-an-hour of this exercise does as much for the muscles of the leg and abdomen as half-a-day's route-marching."

Concerning Spying.

For the rest, and there is very much more which is of exceptional interest, reference must be made to the book. As a final quotation, however, let us note the author on spying. "Germany spends annually £780,000 in the maintenance of a corps of spies, ranging from the highly placed functionary to the obscure workman in the factory." Then he asserts, sweepingly, "An important point that the English people have overlooked is that every German of any ability is an unofficial spy, for the principle maintained is that it is every man's duty to report to his home authorities anything about foreign affairs which comes to his ears. . . . The salary of an official spy is between £10 and £20 per month." Luckily, the majority of Germans do not—and cannot—understand this country, however long they have lived in it and however long they have been naturalised. —Certainly, read "The German Army from Within."

"The German Army From Within." By a British Officer who Has Served in It. (Hodder and Stoughton; 2s. net.)



WHERE THE WAR-DRUM IS NOT HEARD: FROM CRICKET TO CAMP: A PROCLAMATION BY THE DUKE.

A Week-End Holiday.

I have taken no holiday this summer, for the coming of the war dislocated all my plans, as it has done those of every other clubman, and made it impossible for me to go to Deauville and Le Touquet,

which were the pleasant spots I had selected for a holiday month. An occasional week-end at a seaside town or in the country has been the nearest approach to a holiday I have permitted myself, and one of these flying visits I paid lately to the quiet Hampshire village which is my native place, to see whether the war had ruffled its habitual calm.

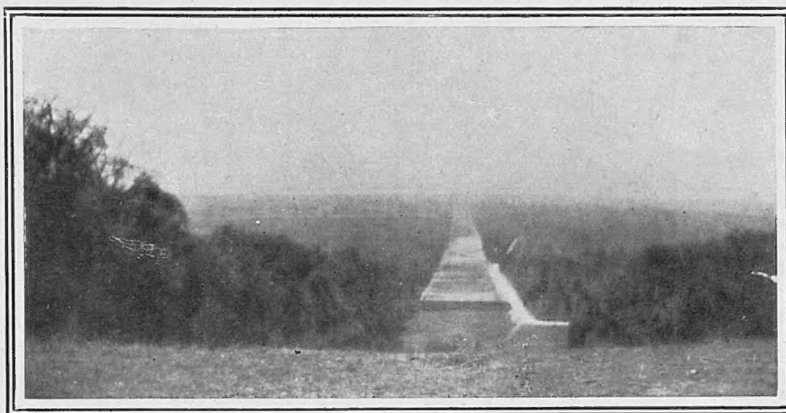
Our Village.

It is a village where old customs and memories of things long past survive. As a boy I used to go to one of the cottages that edge the wide common and talk to an old man who had been a drummer-boy and had been with his regiment at the Battle of Waterloo. The sundial on the top of a great baulk of oak was put up by a village worthy in the year of the Battle of Waterloo to commemorate it, and the tradition of the village has it that each of the trees in a row of great horse-chestnuts was planted to commemorate a victory in the Peninsular War. Under the shade of these chestnut-trees, the women and the girls, in ordinary years, sit and watch the village eleven play cricket against the champions of the neighbouring villages. This year no cricket is being played upon the green, for most of the cricketers are in training for that fiercer game now being played out on the hills and the plains of France. A newcomer to the row of chestnut-trees—a small brother—was planted to commemorate the Accession of our present King, and before this war ends I trust that the line of trees will be still more extended in honour of the victories that lie before Sir John French and his gallant army.

The Imp Stone.

The old stocks in which offenders used to sit were rotting themselves to pieces in the days when I, a schoolboy home for the holidays, used to ride my pony about the common; and I can remember that the "I.M.P." cut into the Roman milestone which is on the borders of the fir-woods showed quite plainly in those days, though time and the weather have now worn the letters out, and the villagers talk of the "Imp" stone and believe it to have a fairy significance. The long line of the downs swells up behind the broad dip of wooded country that was once part of one of the greatest forests in England, and the furze and the heather give colour to the foreground. To be in this place of quiet, this backwater away from the swirl of life in London, was to find calmness and relaxation of mind after the

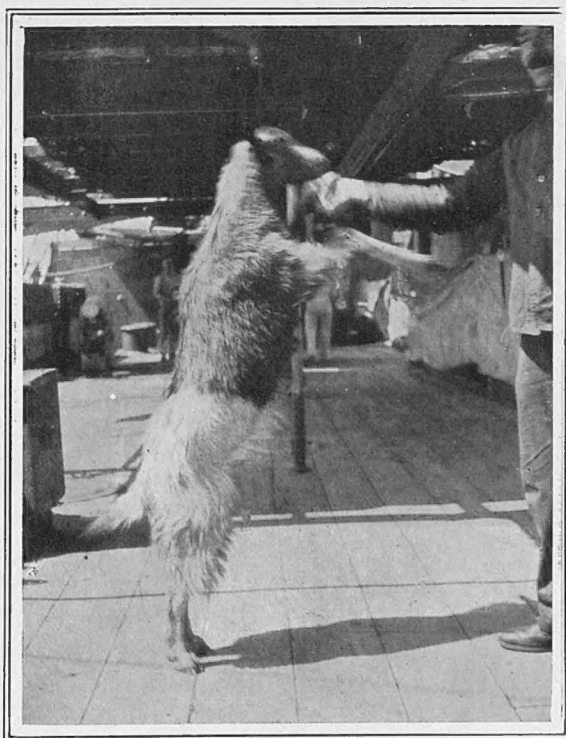
tension of the life we live nowadays in London. Here were no taxi-cabs, each with its red-lettered appeal to young men to enlist, and no succession of war editions of the papers, no machine ticking out continuously news from the seat of the war—nothing of that fierce desire for information which besets us day and night in the capital.



CUT BY ORDER OF THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS: AN AVENUE IN THE FOREST OF COMPIÈGNE, RECENTLY THE SCENE OF FIGHTING.

The Empress Eugénie's Avenue, which was cut through the Forest of Compiègne by her orders within twenty-four hours, extends for several miles. The Compiègne district was occupied by the Germans in their advance towards Paris, and British troops helped to drive them back.

their food upon the common were driven home at sunset by children. From the score or so of cottages that formed the village thirty-odd young men had gone to wear his Majesty's uniform, and I am told that the county of Hampshire compares well with most other counties in the number of men it has given to fight for King George and the cause of England.



ONE OF THE CAPTURERS OF A GERMAN GUN - BOAT AND NINE MERCHANTMEN: THE PET GOAT OF H.M.S. "CUMBERLAND."

H.M.S. "Cumberland" recently captured the German gun-boat "Soden" and nine merchantmen off the Cameroon River, West Africa.

The Calm of Sunday.

On Sunday, with the cloudless blue above and not a zephyr to stir the stillness of the air, the bells of the churches of all the neighbouring villages could be heard calling over wood and common, and the rosy-cheeked children trooped in the sunshine by the paths through the furze to the long road which leads by the Roman walls to the church where the old Crusaders lie in stone, grasping their sword-hilts. Outside the village post office, in a frame behind glass, a type-written telegram sent from the Press Bureau hung for all the village folk to see, and before I went to church I was able to read that all was well with our gallant fellows fighting in France. In the church, amongst those of us whose grey heads give the reason why we are not in the trenches, and the boys who are longing for the age to come when the recruiting-sergeant will accept them, sat an officer in khaki. In ordinary times he is a village squire who takes pleasure in his garden and in the simple duties that a property brings. He is now a captain in the new army, drilling a company in which the gentlemen vie with the peasants' sons in their keenness to learn the drill that will qualify them to go to the front; and on Sundays he motors over to our village for a glimpse of his garden and to hear the village children sing the hymns in church.

TO THE GRAVE.

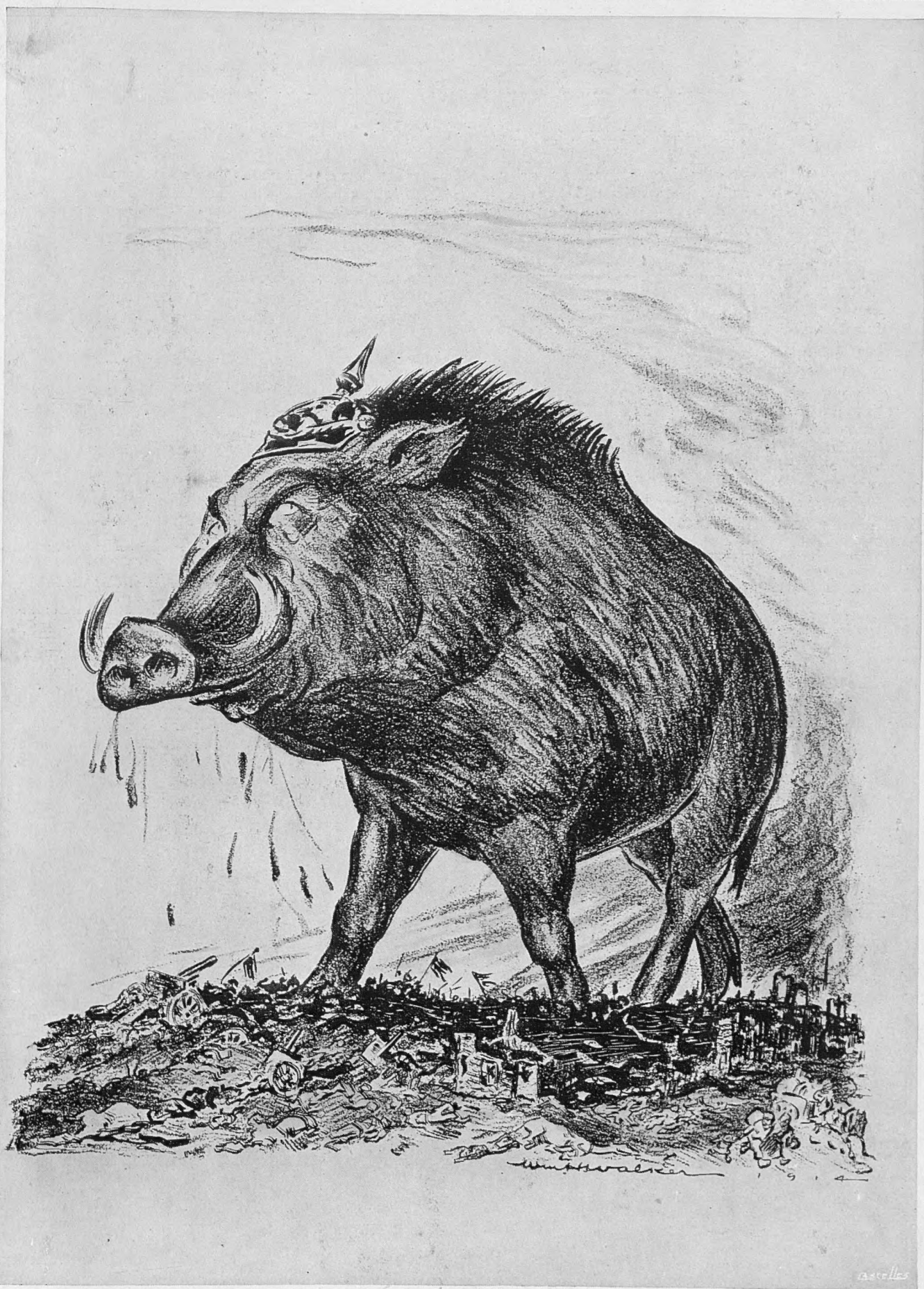


FROM THE CRADLE—

(Turn this upside down.)

BY COURTESY OF "PUCK," OF NEW YORK.

WHAT THE UNITED STATES THINKS: A CARTOON.



"MY HEART BLEEDS FOR LOUVAIN."

Evidently, the United States is in accord with that part of a recent speech of Mr. Lloyd George which read: "You know the type of motorist, the terror of the roads, with a 60-h.p. car. He thinks the roads are made for him, and anybody who impedes the action of his car by a single mile is knocked down. The Prussian Junker is the

road hog of Europe. Small nationalities in his way hurled to the roadside, bleeding and broken; women and children crushed under the wheels of his cruel car; Britain ordered out of his road? All I can say is this, if the old British spirit is alive in British hearts, that bully will be torn from his seat."

Reproduced by Courtesy of "Life," of New York.

BEAT GERMANY—THEN? THE IRISH (HOUSE - PARTY) QUESTION.



"THE OLD ANIMOSITIES AMONGST US ARE DEAD. WE ARE A UNITED NATION": MR. ASQUITH IN THE VICEREGAL HOUSE-PARTY IN DUBLIN.

In his great recruiting speech in the Mansion House, Dublin, on Sept. 25, Mr. Asquith said: "The old animosities amongst us are dead. We are a united nation." The Premier stayed the night at Viceregal Lodge. From left to right in the photograph are, standing in the back row: Captain Johnston, Lady Sheffield, Lord Pirrie, Lady

Pirrie, Mr. McKenna, Lady Weldon, Dr. M. Andrews, Lord Sheffield; (second row): Lord Aberdeen, Lady Aberdeen, Mr. Asquith; (front row): Mr. Layland Barratt, A.D.C., Mr. Chapman, A.D.C., Mr. Bonham Carter, Mrs. McKenna, the Hon. Venetia Stanley, Mrs. Bellingham, the Hon. Mrs. Henley, Mr. Alex Wilson, Dr. Gaffikin.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.



"ACCOMPANIED BY A GRACIOUS COMPANION": SIR EDWARD CARSON AND HIS WIFE IN THE HOUSE-PARTY AT CRAIGAVON FOR THE CELEBRATION OF ULSTER DAY IN BELFAST.

At the Ulster Day meeting in Belfast, on Sept. 29, both Mr. Bonar Law and Sir Edward Carson spoke to the effect that Ulster must first help to beat the Germans and then tackle the Home Rule question. Alluding to Sir Edward's recent marriage, Mr. Bonar Law said: "He has come to Belfast not alone, but accompanied by a

gracious companion who will brighten his life, and who will strengthen his arm for the great work which still lies before him." From left to right in the group are: (standing) Lady Londonderry, Sir Edward Carson, Lady Carson, Major James Craig; (sitting) Mr. Ronald McNeill, Lord Londonderry, Mr. Bonar Law, and Mrs. James Craig.

Photograph by Lafayette, Belfast.

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FOR THE DURATION OF WAR: HARD-WEAR DRESS!



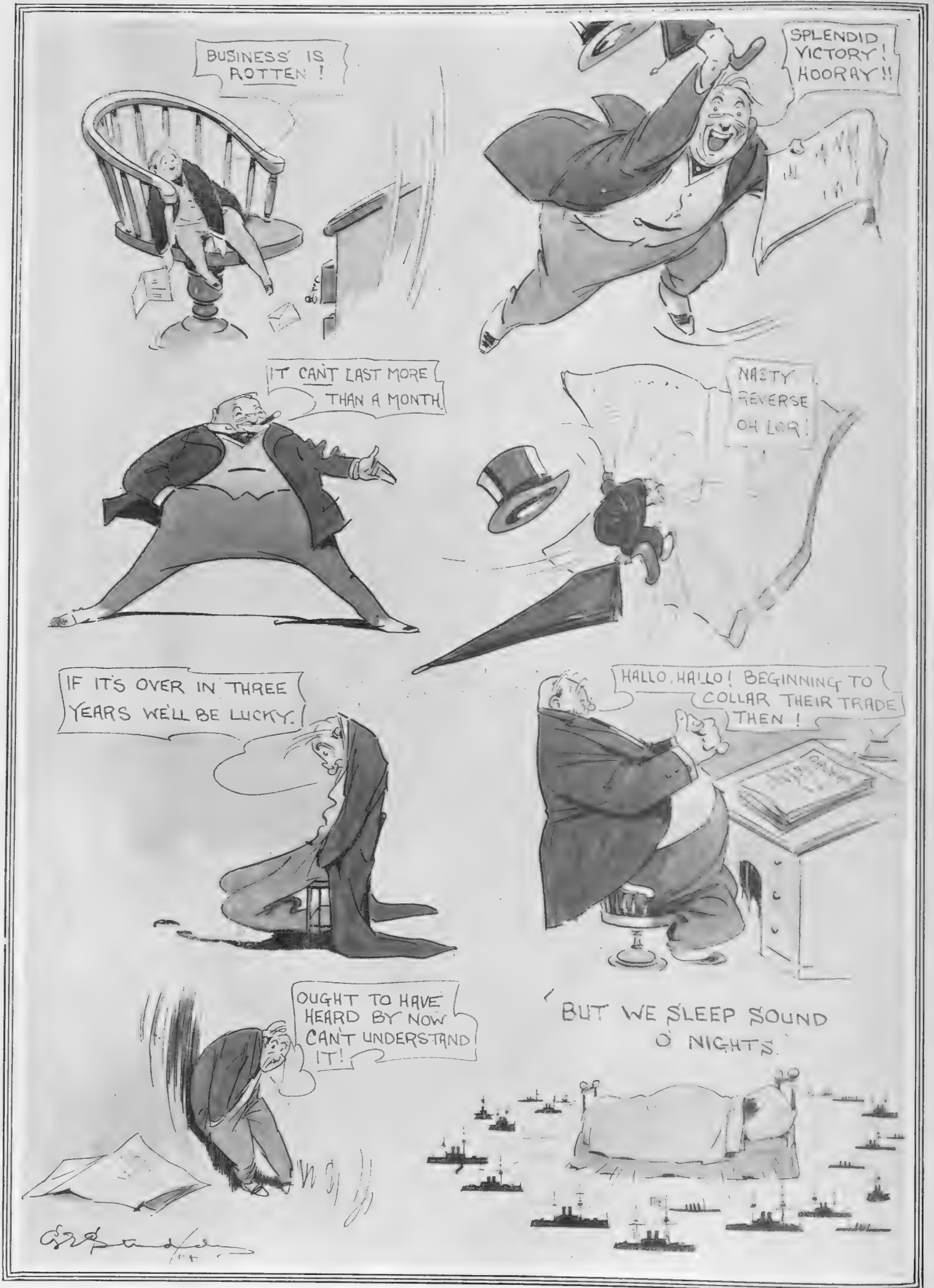
"CREATIONS" TO GIVE THE WIFE IF MONEY IS TIGHT IN WAR-TIME: HARDWARE CONFECTIONS

"Freaks of fashion" have passed into a proverb, and all the world knows that the United States are the home of freaks. But not even the flamboyant American imagination has hitherto conceived anything more fantastic and grotesque than the big joke in hardware hats and dresses which have been designed and made by the employees of a big store in San Francisco. In a wonderful window labelled "Military Section" these satirical sumptuary specimens are displayed, and the charming lady customer wears a stylish costume, chiefly of cocoa-nut matting, the "fur" collar and cuffs being of floor and window brushes, the buttons glass door-knobs, and the skirt of diaphanous galvanised wire door-mat over a copper under-dress. The smart sales lady wears a blouse of black fly-screening, with collar and cuffs of Russian iron with strips of copper—*très chic*! Her "under-waist" is of copper fly-screening trimmed

with dainty tea-kettle knobs. The skirt is of pleated copper screening over a Russian iron under-dress, and her neat collar is of shelf-paper. A pendant made from a dog-padlock is at her neck, and she also wears a dazzling necklace of chandelier ornaments. The hat worn by the customer is a smart creation made of a waste-basket trimmed with garden-hose, bottle-washers, and a feather-duster. The "stock" is freakish beyond the maddest dreams of the Mad Hatter. One hat, "The Catch of the Season," has for its crown a mauve mouse-trap, with a live mouse in it! Other hats consist chiefly of blanc-mange and jelly "shapes" and cake-moulds. The proprietor of the store, Mr. Charles Brown, is responsible for many of these freaks of fashion, all of which are made of hardware and guaranteed to wear as long as the war lasts. Mr. Brown is a smart humourist.

Photograph by Waters and Co.

THE BRITISH MERCHANT IS EASY TO IMPRESS AND DEPRESS!



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CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE King's visits to the wounded are anything but silent perambulations of the wards. A sick soldier is much more talkative than a sound one, and his Majesty pauses by everybody who finds comfort in a little conversation.

The King has the art of making openings. For most people the questions "What regiment?" and "When were you hit?" would lead only into a conversational *cul de sac*; but no answer finds his Majesty unprepared. At the mention of a regiment, he knows at once where it has been engaged, and as often as not proves himself acquainted with several of its officers. Nor does his knowledge apply only to the records of the last two months; he is equally well informed about the future. The other day he stopped at the cot of a young officer detained in hospital, not by a wound, but by a polo accident. Again, the opening question, "What regiment?" On getting the answer, his Majesty said: "Then you are in General C——'s Brigade; you'll be well in a fortnight, and you'll be sailing home in three weeks. *Bon voyage!*"

The King's Game.

The King's visits to his preserved, consisting of hardly more than a morning's brisk and business-like doctoring, have resulted in much game for the hospitals. And what has been more welcome. In ordinary years the house doctors have often stretched a point to allow their patients to share in the royal gift; or, under stricter discipline, the staff has found itself eating double portions of pheasant in order that the invalids might be spared a richer diet than was good for them. But now there are invalids in plenty who are suffering from nothing but clean-healing wounds and loss of blood, and who may eat whatever comes their way. His Majesty has given, besides birds, large presents of venison, and in so doing sets a good example to many people who have become inordinately shy of so much as mentioning Scotland and their deer parks.

Young Mr. Kipling.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling, like Mr. Garvin, has contributed largely to the literature that makes recruits, with the result that he too has a son on the point of going to the front. But in one respect the young Kipling has ignored the parental lead; he has got his commission in the Irish Guards—of all regiments! Everybody, including even the authorities at the War Office, must remember Mr. Rudyard Kipling's burning

lines on the Ulster question and his hatred of the Nationalist—

We know the war declared on every peaceful home;

We know the hell prepared for those that serve not Rome.

Such is his attitude; but his son has elected to throw in his lot with a regiment composed for the greater part of Roman Catholics. At such a time as this the men, leaving hell entirely out of the question, will probably give him a perfectly hearty welcome.

Garvin.

Among great "chiefs" who write a large portion of their own papers, as well as editing the rest, is Mr. J. L. Garvin. Ever since the beginning of the war he has been a diligent and illuminating follower of the armies of Europe, and his hours of work have been hardly less prolonged than those of the men in the gun-pits. Possessed of the eye that can take stock of immense

forces and areas from afar, he is one of the notable generals of that not unimportant line of battle—the line taken by the Press. And now, as if to stimulate an imagination that might have been thought already alive to all the possibilities of the situation, his only son, Roland Gerard, has got his commission and is going to the front.

Re-namings.

While many German residents in England are translating their names into English, and so seem to be falsifying Sydney Smith's saying that only Bishops gained by translation, there is

also much jesting made among the English bearers of the labels Berg and Burgh and even Borough. The change of Petersburg into Petrograd is primarily responsible for the pleasantries that make Clubland smile when someone takes down a book in Roxford binding, or talks about a backslider as being retroberg. Echoes of this game of words have travelled even so far afield as the Via Virginio Orsini in Rome, where Lord Newburgh does not fear to be renamed Lord Newgrad, since he is, besides, Prince Bandini and Duke of Mondragone and Count of Carniola. Even on board Atlantic liners the allusion is to icegrads. A wittier inversion was made a century ago, when Sir Thomas Massey-Massey protested against the Popery conveyed in the word Christmas and suggested Christide in its place. And the next letter he received came addressed to Sir Thotide Tidey-Tidey.



ENGAGED TO SERGEANT R. L. FALCY: MISS ELEANOR D. IRVING.

Miss Irving-Falcy is the eldest daughter of the Rev. C. H. and Mrs. Irving-Falcy, of North Wood, Essex. Mr. Falcy is in the 1st Battalion Royal Berkshire Regiment.

Photograph by Samson.



MISS BARBARA MAUDE BENTALL, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MAJOR M. G. H. BARKER WAS FIXED FOR SATURDAY LAST OCT. 3.

The bride is the youngest daughter of Mr. E. E. Bentall, of The Towers, Epsom, Essex. Major Barker, of the Lancashire Regiment, is the third son of the late Mr. E. W. P. Barker, of Gosport, and served with distinction in the South African War, 1900.

Photograph by Samson.



ENGAGED TO MAJOR G. T. BRIERLEY, D.S.O.: MISS EMILY COPPINGER.

Miss Coppinger is the only daughter of the late Major-General R. W. Coppinger and of Mrs. Coppinger, of Wellington House, Farnham, Surrey. Major Brierley is in the Royal Garrison Artillery. He served with distinction in the South African War, and was severely wounded.

Photograph by Samson.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN G. I. VANDER GUCHT: MISS HILDA WOLKE-WHITMORE.

Miss Wolke-Whitmore is the second daughter of the Rev. Henry Wolke-Whitmore, of Thedden Grove, Hampshire. Captain Vander Gucht, of the 3rd Stimmer's Horse, is the younger son of Major-General T. E. Vander Gucht, S.C. (retired).

Photograph by Samson.



ENGAGED TO MAJOR R. D. FAHEY, CAPTAIN R. D. FAHEY, R.N.: MISS ANNETTE JULIA R. DEVANOR.

Miss Devanor is the daughter of the late Mr. William Devanor, Sub-Lieut. Western is a son of the late Captain the Hon. Mrs. C. P. Western, R.N.



LADY MABEL ANSON, SECOND DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF LICHFIELD, ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN THE HON. ATTHOL L. C. FORBES, THE MASTER OF FORBES.

Lady Mabel's elder sister is married to the Hon. Thomas H. F. Spencer, one of the four sons of Ellsmere. The Master of Forbes is the eldest son of Lord Forbes, the Premier Baron of Scotland, and his mother is a daughter of the late Sir William Hammett, Bart., Birmingham.

Photograph by Samson.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN G. B. O. TAYLOR: MISS CECILY FRENCH MULLEN.

Miss French Mullen is the daughter of Colonel Douglas French Mullen, I.M.S., and of Mrs. French Mullen, of Hollywood, near Rochester, Kent. Captain Taylor is in the Royal Engineers.

Photograph by Samson.

AN EARL'S DAUGHTER AND A DUCHESS AS NURSES.



1. IN MANNISH KIT: LADY DOROTHE FEILDING AS A RED-CROSS WORKER IN BELGIUM—DURING THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALOST.
2. GONE TO THE WAR: THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER IN HER RED-CROSS DRESS; WITH HER FAVOURITE WOLF-HOUND, WHICH ACCOMPANIES HER TO THE FRONT.

Both the Duchess of Westminster and Lady Dorothe Feilding take their Red Cross duties seriously, and careful training makes their service of real value. Lady Dorothe (who, it will be noticed, is wearing a military overcoat, cap, and puttees) is very cheery and helpful. She is the fifth daughter of the Earl of Denbigh. The Duchess

of Westminster is a daughter of Colonel William Cornwallis-West, and was married to the second Duke of Westminster in 1901. Her sister is the Princess of Pless. The Duchess, who is photographed with her favourite wolf-hound, has two daughters—Lady Ursula Grosvenor, born in 1902, and Lady Mary, born in 1910. Her husband is also at the front.

Photographs by News Illustrations and Ernest Brooks.



THE Queen has taken Lord Kitchener's word for the need of socks; three hundred thousand pairs will soon be distributed by his authority. But there would seem to be some difference of opinion among the experts on the question of soldiers' foot-gear. And no wonder; to most men on the march there is no problem save the foot-problem; a General's head may be full of strategy, but the thoughts of the rank and file are more lowly: with them it is a question of which foot will give out first and how to mend it. Lord Kitchener believes in socks, and seeks the Queen's help in obtaining them. Many French Generals, on the other hand, believe in no socks for an army on the march.

The Sock and Mr. Belloc.

The no-sock theory is voiced by Mr. Hilaire Belloc: "Those who know most about marching," he avers, "wear none, and for marching along roads it is a sound rule (startling and unusual as that rule may sound) to have the skin of the human foot up against the animal skin of the boot, that boot being well soaked in oil and pliable. There is no form of foot-covering within the boot that does not chafe and tear and, therefore, blister the skin, if one goes for a long way at a time and for many days of continual tramping on end. That is the general rule, and in the French service is universally recognised in the infantry." But even French infantry must think differently when it is a question, not of marching, but of being held up for three weeks on more or less one line of battle. Taken as referring only to troops on the road, and given the right boots, the prophet of Liège may be perfectly right.

An Apple-Pie Bed of Roses.

Just now the relative hardships of the sister Services are often in question. The sailor is apt to say that the fighter on land has the easy time, and it is a soldier (a General much quoted at the present crisis),

men. "Take the difference in the conditions," he says; "if the bluejacket feels a bit hot, he can take off his blue jacket. If he feels cold he slips on a sweater. When the enemy is signalled he is ordered (in some up-to-date navies) to change his underclothing lest, perchance, a shred of foul linen be carried into a wound. After this he may still have time to make all snug within by a nice hot cup of tea. Should he get wounded there is a doctor at his elbow. He has no temptation to run away. Only its commander can put a ship to flight." He admits, however, that life on a torpedo-boat may not be exactly a bed of roses.

Sailor + Sailor?

After surveying, if not the attractions, at least the advantages, of enduring disaster by sea, the same authority turns to the discomforts of dry land where, despite its name, it often rains. "Think of the soldier of an infantry battalion, half-dead with the fatigue of a night-march carried out in some infernal climate, wet and shivering, or exhausted with heat and thirst, scrambling up hills with 50 or 60 lb. on his back, and with hundreds of people shooting at him; lots of opportunity to skulk lots of temptation; but no, on he goes; in his path flows a river, whipped white by bullets; never a pause—onward is the word; up to his arm-pits in the water, he reaches the further bank." Then, it seems, his work begins, and if he is wounded he may have to wait three nights for a doctor, and three times as long for a proper hospital. Put the question to the vote, however, and the majority would always have it that the soldier's lot is an easier one than the sailor's.



A LADY COMMANDANT-IN-CHIEF: LADY PERROTT, WORKER FOR THE VOLUNTARY AID DETACHMENT, ST. JOHN AMBULANCE ASSOCIATION.

The wife of the fifth Baronet, Sir Herbert Charles Perrott, late Lieut.-Colonel Commanding and Hon. Colonel 3rd Battalion the Buffs (East Kent Regiment), to whom she was married in 1901, Lady Perrott is daughter of the late Captain Marcus S. Hare, R.N., of Court Grange, Newton Abbot. Sir Herbert Perrott has for many years been deeply interested in and closely associated with the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and the St. John Ambulance Association since its formation. Lady Perrott is Lady Commandant-in-Chief of the Voluntary Aid Detachment, St. John Ambulance Association, and Chief Secretary of the War Emergency Committee.

Photograph by Swaine.

who maintains the argument on the other side—maintains it, that is, in the hearing, and for the exasperation of naval



A RECRUIT FOR THE ROYAL FLYING CORPS: THE HON. EDWARD ALEXANDER STONOR.

Uncle of the fifth Baron Camoys, and a brother of the fourth Baron, the Hon. Edward Stonor, who is a Clerk in the House of Lords, and was formerly Lieutenant in the Oxfordshire Yeomanry, has just accepted a commission in the Royal Flying Corps. Mr. Stonor married, in 1899, Christine Alexandra, daughter of Mr. Richard Ralli, and widow of Mr. Ambrose Ralli, and they have a son, Francis Edward, born in 1900.—[Photo by Sarony.]



WIFE OF THE PATRIOTIC CANADIAN MINISTER OF DEFENCE: MRS. SAM HUGHES.

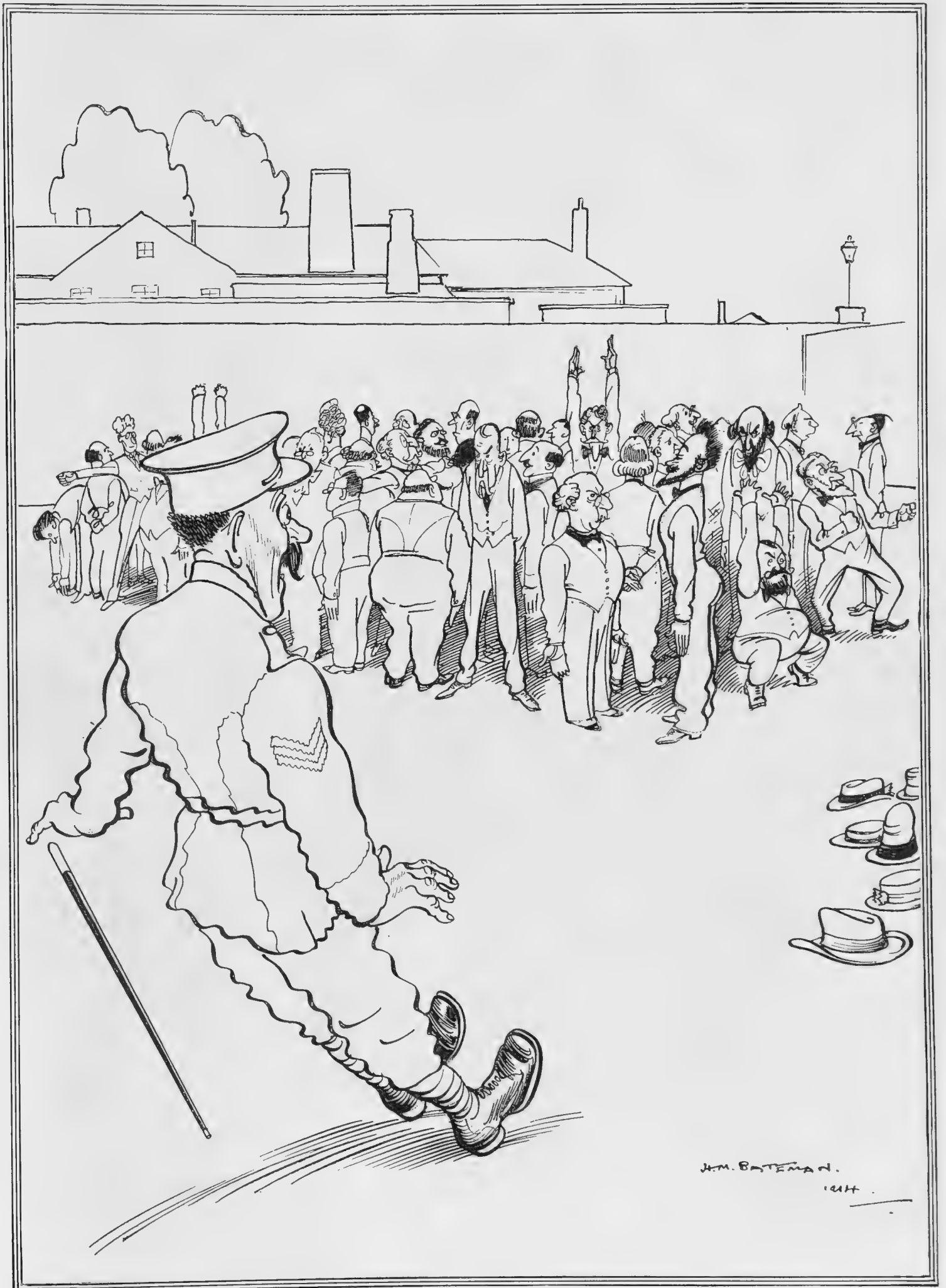
The husband of Mrs. Sam Hughes, Colonel the Hon. Samuel Hughes, has seen much service in the South African War, etc. Now, it is reported, he is coming to this country for a visit. Mr. Hughes is an Ontario man, son of a native of Tyrone. Mrs. Hughes is his second wife, and a daughter of Mr. H. W. Burk, ex-M.P. for West Durham.—[Photograph by Swaine.]



WIFE OF THE BRITISH COMMANDER WHO IS WORKING WITH THE JAPANESE: MRS. BARNARDISTON.

A British force under Brig.-Gen. Barnardiston, commanding the British forces in North China, has landed near Laoshan Bay, to participate in the movements against the Germans at Tsing-Tau. Colonel Barnardiston (temporarily Brig.-Gen.) has been at Tientsin since May. Mrs. Barnardiston is a daughter of the late Hon. D. R. Floyd-Jones, sometime Secretary of State and Lieutenant-Governor of New York.—[Photo, by Lafayette.]

NOT VERY UNITED ARTISTS!



OUR ARTIST WRITES: I understand that members of the artistic professions are forming a corps of their very own. Everyone will admire their patriotism; but is there not fear that their very originality and desire to be unlike others in any way will be their undoing? I have imagined a sergeant who has just given the order "Left turn!"

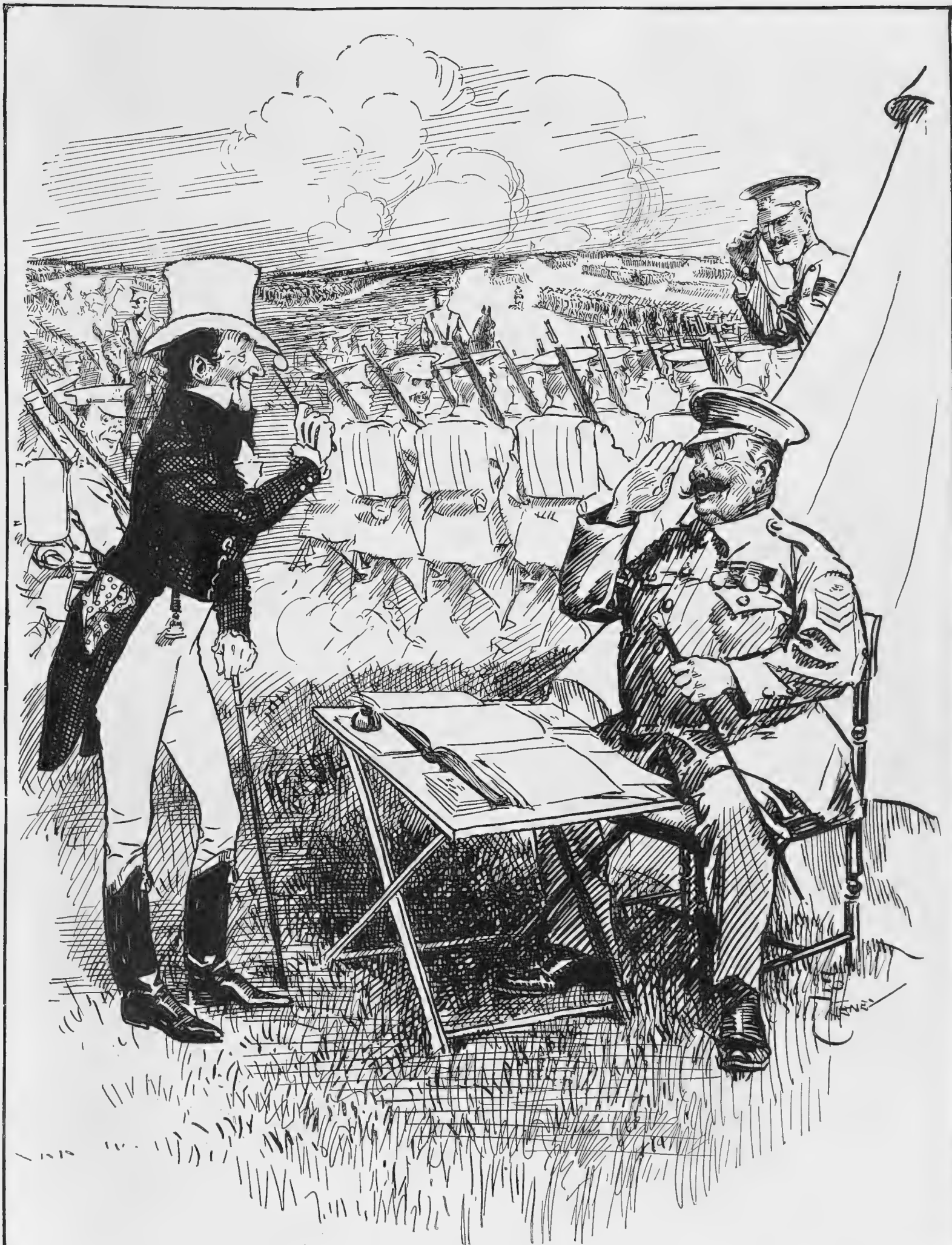
CARICATURE BY H. M. BATEMAN.

STRONG LANGUAGE!



THE COCKNEY TOMMY: One o' them there 'Ighlanders 'ad just paid a bob fer a tot o' whisky an' then went an' upset it. Lor', you should 'ave 'eard 'im talkin' garlic.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



JOHNNIE WALKER: "How goes the recruiting?"

SERGEANT: "Like yourself, Sir; still going strong."



BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Teaching Tommy French.

Of the many practical ideas taken up by the Women's Emergency Corps, not the least important is that of teaching "Tommy" elementary French. Not, to be sure, the men of the old army, who are either out there learning the language under terrific conditions, or those about to sail, but those of Lord Kitchener's new army and the Territorials, many of whom are burning to go to the front. The men, it seems, are extraordinarily anxious to pick up a smattering of the most gracious of all languages; one or two have been known to go "at the double" in order not to miss a lesson. The first class was started among the doctors, and, out of six hundred men, five hundred at once volunteered to take lessons after their day's work. The movement has spread enormously, with the help of the Women's Emergency Corps, who undertake to provide the necessary teachers, all of whom give their services for nothing. These young soldiers in the making are not taught grammar; they are instructed only how to ask, and to reply to, various phrases which are useful in war-time; and a little book of words and phrases has been prepared which we may be sure will not resemble the immortal Ollendorff in futility. The pen-knife of the gardener's wife will not figure in these short pages; and Lord Esher, as President of the Territorial Association, will see that it includes the maximum of usefulness in the minimum of space. We are changing greatly as a nation when our middle and lower-middle class youths evince a desire to learn and speak French. Elementary German is also being taught. It is a language, we confidently hope, which will be indispensable six months hence.



A NEW DESIGN FOR AN EVENING FROCK.

A diaphanous evening frock of flesh-pink tulle, with a deep sash of black chiffon velvet. The under-skirt is of flesh-pink charmeuse with a double tunic of tulle cut in the shape of petals. A large pink cameo is worn in the front of the corsage.

Songs the Soldiers Sing.

An American woman living in London is greatly surprised to hear our soldiers singing "John Brown's Body," that famous political ballad of their own gruesome Civil War. I do not suppose our fighting men have the least idea who John Brown was, and how his death heartened the North in their long war against the slave-owning South. The point is that it is an extraordinarily good marching song, exhilarating, simple, well-marked. It has long been a favourite here. Then, again, much unnecessary scorn has been poured on "It's a long,

long way to Tipperary," but I find this simple music-hall ditty—with its present associations—far more inspiring than the set "war-songs" which have been contributed by popular composers. The fact is that Tommy will only sing that which he has a mind to. He is an individualist, and you cannot get him to go into action shouting, like his German enemy, such patriotic classics as would be equivalent to "Die Wacht am Rhein" and "Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles." It is true that most of our best battle-songs are of the sea—"Rule, Britannia!" "The Death of Nelson," and the like. When we go to war with our armies, we rely on chance on what song is to inspire our soldiers or relieve the tedium of the march. The French like gay, sometimes loose, soldier-songs in the field; our men are inclined to be a trifle sentimental. I am quite sure they would think it highly theatrical to march to such songs as "Land of Hope and Glory." Tommy prefers some song

like "Tipperary," which has close associations with the realities of home. He has a humour and a nice sense of actualities which seem lacking in the Prussian.

The Pompous Prussian.

Every soldier in Prussia, from the Emperor William down to the youngest bugler-boy, is incredibly pompous, according to our civil and military standards. As we saw in the Zabern affair—ominous portent of what was to come in Belgium and France—even to smile at the antics of a Prussian officer was to earn a sabre-thrust. If we can encompass the downfall of this odious tyranny of the spiked helmet and the sword—the worst the world has ever seen, for, after all, the Roman legions brought peace, laws, civilisation, and just treatment on their all-conquering march—we shall have materially advanced the progress of humanity. If we, as civilians, had grovelled before Tommy Atkins in his scarlet tunic in the piping times of peace, he would not now be the cheery, modest, and invincible soldier that he is. His absence of "swank," his very lack of imagination, stand him in good stead to-day. But if, like the German soldier, you believe that your uniform—like the Chinese Boxer's masks and cardboard shields—makes you invulnerable, you are likely to have a hard time of it when the more modest Tommy gets busy with his bayonet. War at its best is a hideous thing; but to add impious human arrogance and brutality to its unavoidable miseries is a crime which generations to come will not forget.

Shakespeare and Wagner.

I see that Professor Reinhardt, the producer of "Sumurun" and "The Miracle," is asking whether he ought to put Shakespeare on the stage in Germany any more. If the Teutons decide to ban Shakespeare, they will be without plays of the first rank. You cannot go on playing "Faust" all the year round, and, except for Goethe's masterpiece, the great "intellectual" nation has nothing to offer its audiences in any way comparable with "Macbeth," "Hamlet," and "Twelfth Night." They are not, as a nation, individualistic enough to produce poets like Shakespeare or Shelley. Goethe was Greek in his intellectuality, not German. I am glad to see that the directors of our concerts have decided not to banish the masterpieces of Beethoven, Bach, and Brahms. We do not want to put money in the pockets of modern living composers like Dr. Richard Strauss, and he may safely be put on the shelf until a new generation acquires a taste for his works; but the Wagner masterpieces—"The Ring" and "Tristan and Isolde"—dealing as they do with Scandinavian and Celtic legends, might reasonably be performed with the aid of English and American singers.



AN AUTUMN COSTUME: A NEW COAT IN TÊTE-DE-NÈGRE.

An autumn toilette showing one of the new coats in tête-de-nègre cloth, over a waistcoat of white batiste. The skirt is of fawn-coloured serge, with a long pleated tunic, and the hat of fawn taffeta with tête-de-nègre feathers; muff and cuffs of skunk.

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"A PINE FOREST IN EVERY HOME."

THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Fine Furs Make Fine Ladies.

There is nothing in our range of clothes so imposing, becoming, and dignified as furs. The time for them is approaching, consequently they are a subject of keen and widespread interest. It is very evident—on a visit to the International Fur Stores, 103, Regent Street—that the supply of models is not rendered one whit less varied, smart, or beautiful, by the war conditions which, alas! exist. Fitting coats with full skirts will be worn; as will coats falling full from the shoulders. The furs in greatest demand are caracul, skunk, seal musquash, and broadtail, also Kolinsky sable, which is something of



THE KING'S SERGEANT-SURGEON: SIR FREDERICK TREVES, WHO HAS OFFERED TO AID THE WOUNDED.

The help of so distinguished a surgeon as Sir Frederick Treves will be invaluable in the great war. Sir Frederick has not yet decided the precise form which his assistance to the Russian wounded may take. The Russian Foreign Office will furnish interpreters, as, too, would the Japanese Red Cross.

Photograph by Sarony.

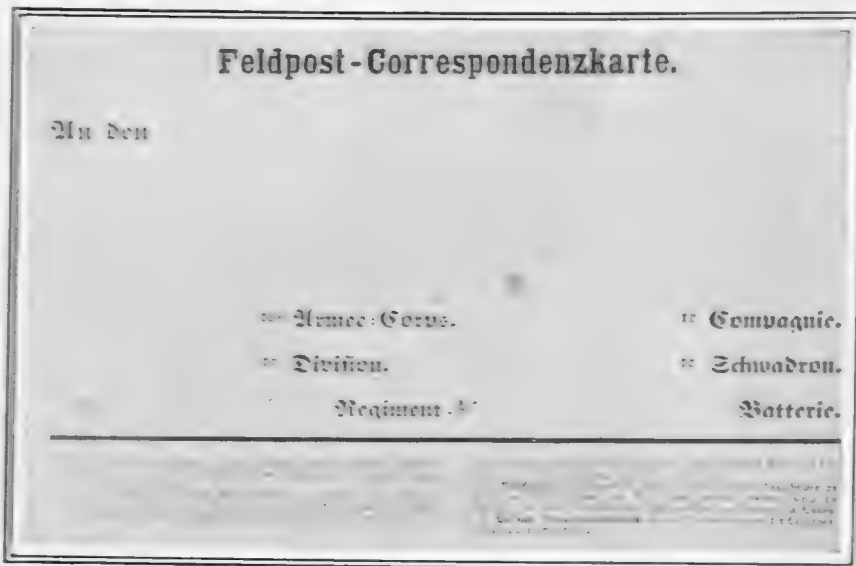
in contra-distinction with those up and down on the coat itself), and lined with a very beautiful green *crêpe-de-chine*, on which are flowers raised in bloom-blue velvet, is lovely. The collar, as in several of the latest models, stands stylishly back from the neck like that of the conventional Mephistophelean cape. A charming example of a seal musquash coat with a full skirt has a collar and cuffs of badger. A caracul coat has a band which holds the folds at the back together, or can be tied in front and used as a sash. This lovely coat has a cape-like collar formed of blue wolf—a very fascinating fur. For evening wear I saw a beautiful ermine cape worked exquisitely in a ribbed effect, with the stand-away collar and straps across the body of ermine closely fringed with tails. It was lined with gaze-de-soie, on which groups of flowers were raised in velvet and colour. Quite a regal garment is this! There are many compromises between coat and cape which are clever and stylish. The sets of furs are also immensely interesting—as many people think, for the fine show-rooms are full of purchasers.

Die-Hards.

The rumour of the Russian troops that were said to have passed through England is as hard to kill as our gallant die-hards on the field. In spite of the Press Bureau, the Press, and the Government, a very large section of the public are as sure that those troops are in France or Belgium as that Sir John French is there. No doubt the

Russian Government did not wish it to be known that they had sent troops out of their country just then; but then, people tell you: "A man I know saw quite a lot of soldiers in Belgium in Russian uniform, and they were speaking Russian, too."

Wherefore, also, the order from the Russian Government for many thousands of uniforms in Leeds, when Russia can turn out uniforms by the many millions? No, the British public cannot allow their so-called phantom troops to vanish into thin air, even at the bidding of the Press Bureau! The troops that passed in the night are a specially precious part of the war to lots of us.



HOW GERMAN SOLDIERS HEAR FROM HOME: SPECIAL POST-FREE POST-CARDS FOR THE FRONT.

The Germans have issued special post-cards for the use of friends of soldiers at the front. The official regulations are:—1. Post-cards to the active army will be sent post free and can be bought at various North German post-offices (five for three pfennigs). 2. On the post-card it must be distinctly stated to which army corps, which division, which regiment, which company (or other part of the troops), the addressee belongs; what is his rank, or to what office of the military administration he is allocated. 3. The whole of the back of the post-card can be used for news of every description, which can be written in ink or coloured pencil. 4. The post-cards cannot be used for purely private purposes.—[Photograph by Unsworth.]

a novelty, and very fascinating in appearance. It is a beautiful rich brown with a black line in the centre of each skin, and it is hand-pointed with silver hairs. A coat of it, semi-fitting, with a deep flounce (the stripes worked round,

Quite a Mistake. Many of our smart women are saying that really, don't you know, there isn't a wearable hat in London. The millinery is so very English. One of them purchased

two of these

despised *chapeaux, faule de mieux*, and was airing her grievance to a French lady of her very slight acquaintance. "Oh, but no," said the Parisienne: "your hat is one of the models of So-and-So," mentioning one of the most noted milliners in Paris. "It is one of a lot sent over for me to choose from, and now you have had first choice. Oh, quite a mistake! If you really don't like it, I will take it with pleasure." But our smart lady would not part!

Colours for the Winter.

The one colour that we may be sure will not be popular is Saxe-blue; we shall have to rename it French-blue. The cornflower will also incur some disfavour, because it is said to be the Kaiser's favourite flower. That is, I think, a fairy-tale; one does not associate a flower with the War Lord—especially a delicate and lovely blossom that grows in peaceful corn-fields. Brown will be a very favourite shade; and purple of the red-wine tones which are warm and becoming is being looked upon with much favour. That black must be largely worn we know; there have been times, however, when the sombre hue has been assumed by smart women from choice. Tawny tones we shall undoubtedly see many of, and also deep crimsons. Women are taking, happily, their usual whole-

some interest in their clothes, and there is no reason to suppose that our sex will not look as nice and smart and well-turned-out in war-time as in peace-time.



PATRIOTISM KNOWS NO PARTY: MR. J. K. LAW, SON OF MR. BONAR LAW, FOR THE FRONT.

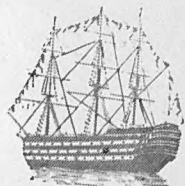
Mr. J. K. Law is one of the two elder sons of the Leader of the Opposition who are going on active service. Mr. J. K. Law has joined the King's Own Scottish Borderers. The late Mrs. Bonar Law was a daughter of Mr. Harrington Robley, of Glasgow.

Photograph by Central Press.



THE CAPTURE OF THE CAMEROONS: MRS. CHARLES DOBELL, WIFE OF BRIGADIER-GENERAL C. M. DOBELL.

Mrs. Charles Dobell, wife of the distinguished soldier who has captured the Cameroons, was, at the time of her marriage to Brigadier-General Dobell, in 1908, the widow of Captain F. L. Campbell, R.N. Her husband has served with much distinction since entering the Army in 1890, and is a Military Aide-de-Camp to the King.—[Photograph by Sarony.]



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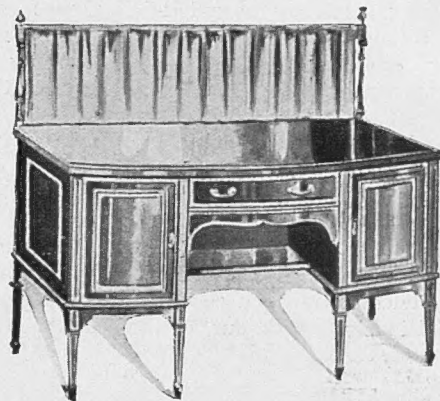
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THE MOTOR-OF-ALL-WORK: RUSSIA AS A NEW FIELD: THE ROAD QUESTION.

The Petrol War.

It has been declared by military experts that the present gigantic conflict will go down to history as a "war of machines." Whereas they refer, however, to the overpowering efficiency of quick-firing guns as compared with the old-time method of hand-to-hand fighting, the motorist may well consider the phrase equally justified by reason of the presence everywhere, in one shape or another, of the motor-driven vehicle, from motor-lorries to motor-cycles, with the aeroplane superadded. To avoid all possibility of misconception, nevertheless, let us employ the term "the petrol war," for certain it is that the hour of the petrol motor has arrived, and that by land, sea, and air alike it has scored an unquestionable triumph. Whenever, of course, the foes have come to grips, the fighting has had to be done by guns, rifles, and bayonets; but never before have the movements preceding the encounters been so expeditiously performed, instructions so expeditiously carried out, or the soldiers so efficiently fed as has proved to be the case in this war of wars.

Fully Supplied.

Enormous as are the requirements of the British field force in the way of vehicles for transport purposes, and strenuous as have been the efforts of the Army Service Corps to round up vehicles of the right kind, it is satisfactory to have an official assurance that the needs of the situation have now been fully met. The Commercial Motor Users' Association has received from the War Office a letter of thanks for its "generous and patriotic offer" to assist in the organising and staffing of the mechanical transport formations of the Army, with the added intimation that the present need of commercial motors and drivers is satisfied. There only remain a few vacancies for boiler-makers and skilled artificers. This announcement by the War Office is not to be construed, of course, as implying that the army in the field will require no more motor-vehicles in the future, but is to be read in conjunction with the known fact that many British factories are working at full pressure to turn out motor-lorries, and have orders in hand from the Government for an output lasting for nearly a year ahead. Immediate requirements, however, have been met, and there is no further need for the commandeering of vehicles actually in the service of commercial houses up and down the country.

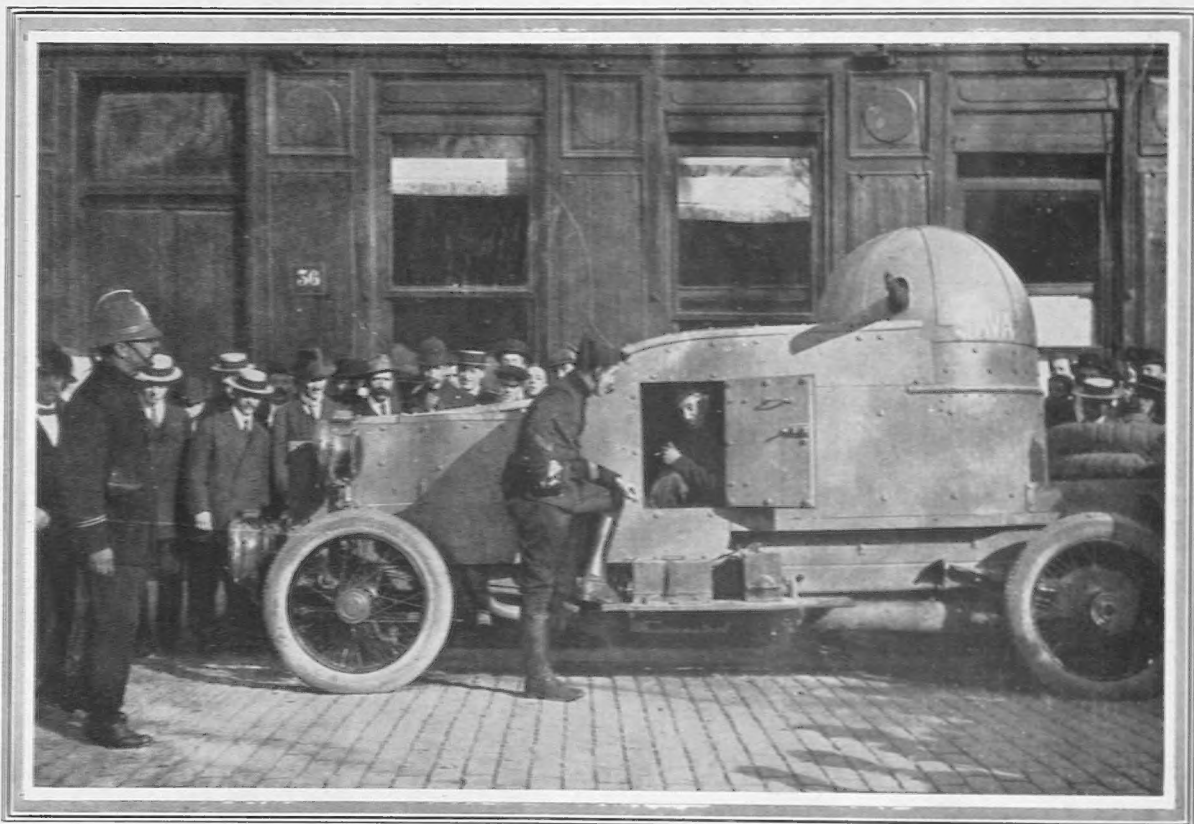
What Sir John French Wants.

So far as cars of the ordinary type are concerned, the Army has practically as many as it requires. At the same time, the number is constantly liable to depletion, either from disablement by the enemy or mechanical failure, and in this connection it may be mentioned that the makers of the Rolls-Royce have received a very gratifying testimony as to the stability of their cars. During one of his flying visits to London with despatches a few days ago, Lord Dalmeny

took the opportunity of commandeering a new car from the firm's depot in Conduit Street, and stated that Sir John French had found the Rolls-Royce so conspicuously reliable that he was anxious to secure every available car of that make which could possibly be procured, especially those fitted with limousine bodies. Travelling sixty miles an hour for long distances over roads cut up by heavy transport traffic is an ordeal which none but the most soundly built cars can withstand, and it is certainly a feather in the cap of the Rolls-Royce Company that their own vehicles, at all events, have been found equal to the ordeal.

Russia as a New Field.


Attention has been called by the *Motor* to the potential market which Russia will henceforth constitute for manufacturers of British cars. The population of the Russian Empire, it is pointed out, is over one hundred millions, ninety per cent. of which is domiciled in European territory. It is not to be assumed, however, that the Russian market has hitherto been neglected by our leading makers. Some months ago, for example, I received a catalogue printed in the Russian language from the Austin Motor Company. I also remember that Mr. Claude Johnson, the managing director of the Rolls-Royce firm, was over in Petrograd in the early part of last year—indeed, I am not at all sure that the Company in question has not a permanent depot in the Russian capital. Various English cars, moreover, have taken part in the annual Russian Reliability Trial from Petrograd to Moscow. All the same, there should now be a much greater probability of English vehicles being in demand in the Eastern Empire than at any previous time. German and Austrian competition has been removed, and Russia will be dependent upon countries further afield. To what extent it has a native industry, if any, no particulars have been forthcoming; but, at all events, no Russian motor-car has ever been exhibited at any of the western shows. Even at the present juncture the Russian Army has been endeavouring to secure supplies of motor-cars from England. I know a man who had a commission to procure a big consignment of these at a time when everything available was being commandeered by our own War Department. The motoring possibilities of Russia, it is true, are not to be gauged by its population, for its roads are none of the best; but the object-lesson afforded by the Russian invasion of Austria, where the roads are mostly very good, will probably not be without effect, and we may expect that a road reform movement will be initiated in the great Eastern Empire in consequence. In any case, the field for development has been materially increased by the nature of the war. The Americans may be counted upon to take full advantage of the opportunity, and it behoves British manufacturers not to be behindhand in the matter.



A WHEELED FORT WITH REVOLVING GUN-TURRET AND QUARTERS FOR THE "GARRISON": THE NEWEST TYPE OF ARMoured MOTOR-CAR PUT INTO THE FIELD BY THE BELGIANS.

The Belgians, like the other nations engaged in the great European conflict, are making extensive use of armoured motor-cars. They are adding to their fleet of these vehicles daily.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

ous English cars, moreover, have taken part in the annual Russian Reliability Trial from Petrograd to Moscow. All the same, there should now be a much greater probability of English vehicles being in demand in the Eastern Empire than at any previous time. German and Austrian competition has been removed, and Russia will be dependent upon countries further afield. To what extent it has a native industry, if any, no particulars have been forthcoming; but, at all events, no Russian motor-car has ever been exhibited at any of the western shows. Even at the present juncture the Russian Army has been endeavouring to secure supplies of motor-cars from England. I know a man who had a commission to procure a big consignment of these at a time when everything available was being commandeered by our own War Department. The motoring possibilities of Russia, it is true, are not to be gauged by its population, for its roads are none of the best; but the object-lesson afforded by the Russian invasion of Austria, where the roads are mostly very good, will probably not be without effect, and we may expect that a road reform movement will be initiated in the great Eastern Empire in consequence. In any case, the field for development has been materially increased by the nature of the war. The Americans may be counted upon to take full advantage of the opportunity, and it behoves British manufacturers not to be behindhand in the matter.



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CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"Concerning a Vow."BY RHODA BROUGHTON.
(Stanley Paul.)

It is Miss Broughton that cometh up as a flower every time. So fresh is she, so brightly attractive; just as charmingly capable of her intention: to these adorable flower qualities must be added one that lilies of the field have never possessed—a conscious sense of humour. "Concerning a Vow" is one of the best of novels: such tragedy as there is, too inherent in its fabric to be depressing, and the comedy beyond praise. The elderly married couple, Mr. and Mrs. Hippisley, are a joy on every page for the kind satire of their foibles; Mrs. Hippisley, white and fragile—"she reminded one of a dried flower in a prayer-book"—uttering the most violent, the most acrid sentiments about all and sundry, beginning with her handsome, vain, good-natured husband. It was Mrs. Hippisley who brushed away a tear of relief that a friend had been spared death with the remark that she hated people to die: "One always has to speak and think well of them afterwards." When Mr. Hippisley remarked that "Our little Anne" looked as if she had been crying (Anne was the one daughter, and a devoted buffer between her parents), "The tears of the old come with difficulty, as you and I know," answered Mrs. Hippisley, winging a second shaft at another well-known rift in her husband's armour, "but the young cry easily." He winced a little, as she had known he would, at this allusion to and exaggeration of his age; but he answered amicably, with a quite natural request for explanation. Instead of explaining, "Mrs. Hippisley rose, and, going to one of the tall, narrow, Georgian windows and lifting the sash, stood looking out into the Square. He shivered a little. For seven-and-twenty rolling years his wife's greed for oxygen had been one of the sharpest in his crown of matrimonial thorns." Her superb superiority to his harmless fatuity was Anne's daily mitigating care, when an unwelcome bridesmaid turned up with her memories: "You were in love! I don't think I ever saw anyone quite so bad as you were," cried this comrade of Mrs. Hippisley's salad days with an arch smile. "Do you remember writing to tell me of your engagement, and saying that you did not know what you had done to deserve such happiness? . . . Thus "Anne heard of the existence of that now incredible billet, the writer of which could not think of without a scorching blush, wherein Mrs. Hippisley had expressed her wonder at having achieved the superlative happiness of winning the foolish, elderly man who was now her daily butt." This is delicious; and steady, plain, kind Anne makes Sally Champneys, with her vow and her evasion of it, and her passionate wrong-headedness, an effective contrast. Miss Broughton has had the fairies for her literary godmothers. Many gifts they have brought her—of seeing, of understanding, and a remarkably delicate intuition where her own sex is concerned. Just one fairy has been neglected: the scholarly, fastidious fairy to whom a slipshod phrase or a clumsy

one is accursed. Such occur in Miss Broughton's most pleasant story just enough to deprive it of a certain elegance, as a well-dressed woman might wear her hat-pin at an awkward angle or slip a button of her blouse.

"Old Andy."BY DOROTHEA CONYERS.
(Methuen.)

In these days of strained nerves and rigid self-control, it becomes more than ever inspiring to go a-fox-hunting with Miss Conyers in that fox-hunter's paradise round Ballinena, the clean smell of peat blowing across the bogs, and the Irish hills beyond, "mistily, mysteriously grey and indigo." Besides the humour of the chase there is the humour of the Irish peasantry, an affair of triumphant art in Miss Conyers' hands; gentry arrive for sport, and put up at a hostelry whose *ménage* is a picture of Irish custom executed in the old Dutch manner. The clever horse-dealers, the sporting priest, the slovenly servants, the racy house-keepers are more than good enough to excuse the cheap, familiar prettiness of one little heroine, Kitty Adair, who is by way of exuding her kittenish charms as freely as the Irish labourer his wit. A rustic love-affair should reassure the recent playgoers of the Court that Celtic marriages are not always and entirely a matter of cows and pounds; and old Andy himself is one of those rare, sentimental idealists who can throw over a cherished dream for the sake of a kind deed. His dream for honouring his dead and the incorrigible romance of his nature give him the air of a poet amongst his shrewd, material countrymen; only by his twinkle does Andy remain Irish, but his heart is also the heart of a sportsman, and those will miss something who fail to follow him on his varminty, flea-bitten old grey, the best hunter carrying the keenest huntsman in all Cahervally.

"A Man's Life is Different."BY MAUD YARDLEY.
(Greening.)

No new ground is broken in this conventional love-story of a young guardian who sent his ward out into the world, though loving her, that she might choose her mate with experience, and, when that mate proved unsatisfactory, discovered that his passion was returned. Myra being much too sweet and good for any irregularities, the only way of the novel is some way of death which shall remove the undesirable husband. To every man upon this earth it cometh soon or late; to every superfluous man in the novel-world it must be soon. Pneumonia effects his removal before the virtuous wife has done more than a year's servitude to the conventions; and the young woman who had caused the mischief—an unconvincing siren—is sped to departure by a taxi-cab accident. "A man's life is different," Miss Yardley would imply to the extent that the loyalty of his legitimate love is not impaired by lapses. "There is nothing in the love we men give women like that which you need resent—it is but a passion of which you have no comprehension—a love you would not stoop to pick up or deign to receive." A distinction less delicate than convenient, most thoughtful women will conclude.

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